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THE
SEASONS.

BY
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R

D U B L I N :

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Miss Anne Heyman

S P R I N G.



The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Inscribed to the countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.



COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts 5
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain,
With innocence and meditation join'd
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
Which thy own Season paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. 10

And see where furly WINTER passes off,
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
 And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,
 Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20
 Deform the day delightless : so that scarce
 The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph
 To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore
 The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,
 And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,
 And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more
 Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;
 But, full of life and vivifying soul,
 Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
 Fleecy and white o'er all surrounding heaven.

Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty iters 35
 Drives from their stalls, to where the well us'd plough
 Lyes in the furrow, loosened from the frost.
 There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke
 They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
 Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40
 Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining share
 The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,

Winds

SPRING.

5

Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.

White thro' the neighb'ring fields the sower stalks,
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain 45
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :

The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, HEAVEN ! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow !
Ye fostering dews, ye tender showers, descend ! 50

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,
Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :

Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung 55
To wide-imperial *Rome*, in the full height
Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refin'd.

In antient times, the sacred plough employ'd
The kings and awful fathers of mankind :
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60
Are but the beings of a summer's day,
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm
Of mighty war; then, with victorious hand,
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd
The plough, and, greatly independent, scorn'd 65
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

Ye generous BRITONS, venerate the plough !
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let AUTUMN spread his treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded ! As the sea, 70
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores
Wasts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with superior boon may your rich soil,

Exuberant,

Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change
 Delicious breathes; the penetrative sun,
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming power
 At large, to wander o'er the vernal earth,
 In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay green!
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe!
 United light and shade! where the light dwells 85
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

From the moist meadow to the wither'd hill,
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves 90
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales;
 Where the deer rustle through the twining brake,
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
 In all the colours of the flushing year,
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
 Lyes yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town,
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze 105
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk;

S P R I N G.

7

Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend
Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,
And see the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower 110
Of mingled blossoms, where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow AUTUMN spies.

If, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale
Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115
The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely frost, before whose baleful blast
The full-blown SPRING thro' all her foliage shrinks,
Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.

For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120
Myriads on myriads, insect-armies waft
Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,
Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core
Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft
The sacred sons of vengeance ! on whose course 125
Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.

To check this plague, the skilful farmer chaff
And blazing straw before his orchard burns ;
Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe
From every cranny suffocated falls : 130

Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust
Of pepper fatal to the frosty tribe :
Or, when th' invenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;
Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135
The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds
Blow not in vain, Far hence they keep, repress'd,
Those

Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,
 That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 140
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-east spends his rage; he now shut up
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive south
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven 145
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.

At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,
 Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour sails
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep 150
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom.

Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
 And full of every hope, and every joy,
 The wish of Nature. Gradual sinks the breeze 155
 Into a perfect calm, that not a breath

Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves
 Of aspen tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse 160
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,

And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks
 Drop the dry sprig, and, mute imploring, eye
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,
 The plummy people streak their wings with oil, 165
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;

And wait th' approaching sign to strike at once
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks 170
 Amid

Amid the glad creation, musing praise,
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175
 In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander through the forest-walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends 180
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun
 Looks out effulgent from amid the flush 190
 Of broken clouds, gay shifting to his beam.
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd mountain, through the forest streams,
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain, 195
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
 Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200
 The hollow lows responsive from the vales,
 Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs.

Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
 Shoots up immense, and every hue unfolds, 205
 In fair proportion, running from the red
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold 210
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain;
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd 215
 Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,
 A softened shade, and saturated earth
 Awaits the morning beam, to give to light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes, 220
 The balmy treasures of the former day.
 Then spring the living herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
 Of botanist to number up their tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225
 In silent search; or through the forest, rank
 With what the dull incurious weeds account,
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 230
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing mold,
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With vision pure into these secret stores 235

Of health and life, and joy? the food of man,

While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told

A length of golden years; unflinch'd in blood,

A stranger to the savage arts of life,

Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease; 240

The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

The first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race

Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see

The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:

For their light slumbers gently fum'd away; 245

And up they rose, as vigorous as the sun,

Or to the culture of the willing glebe,

Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.

Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,

Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole 250

Their hours away. While in the rosy vale

Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,

And full replete with bliss, save the sweet pain

That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.

Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255

Was known among these happy sons of HEAVEN;

For reason and benevolence were law.

Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.

Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,

And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 260

Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds

Drop'd fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead

The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.

This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,

The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265

Was

Was meeken'd, and he join'd his fullen joy.
 For music held the whole in perfect peace:
 Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
 Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
 Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd 270
 In consonance. Such were those prime of days.

But now those white unblemish'd minutes, when
 The fabling poets took their golden age,
 Are found no more amid these iron times,
 These dregs of life! Now the diltemper'd mind 275
 Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
 Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
 Is off the poise within: the passions all
 Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280
 The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd,
 Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale
 And silent, settles into fell revenge.
 Base envy withers at another's joy,
 And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285
 Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more 290
 That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,
 Which, selfish joy disdainng, seeks alone
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,
 Of life impatient, into madness swells; 295
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,

From

From ever-changing views of good and ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
 With endless storm. Whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 301
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:

At last, extinct each social feeling, fell 305
 And joyless inhumanity pervades
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

Hence, in old dusky time, a deluge came:
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd 310
 The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal burst, into the gulph,
 And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
 Wide dash'd the waves in undulation vast;
 Till, from the centre to the streaming clouds, 315
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

The seasons since have, with severer sway,
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen
 Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot
 His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320
 Green'd all the year; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,
 In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.
 Pure was the temperate air; an even calm
 Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland
 Breath'd o'er the blue expanse: for then nor storms 325
 Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
 Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms
 Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth;
 While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,

Hung

Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life. 330
 But now, of turbid elements the sport,
 From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,
 And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,
 Our drooping days are dwindled now to nought,
 Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

And yet the wholesome herb neglected dies;
 Though with the pure exhilarating soul
 Of nutriment, and health, and vital powers,
 Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.
 For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man 340
 Is now become the lion of the plain,
 And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
 Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
 Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,
 At whose strong chest the deadly-tyger hangs, 345
 E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
 With hunger stung and wild necessity,
 Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.
 But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
 With every kind emotion in his heart, 350
 And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
 She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,
 Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form!
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 356
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,
 Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
 What have you done; ye peaceful people, what
 To merit death? you who have given us milk 360
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat

Against

330 Against the winter's cold? and the plain ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,
 In what has he offended? he whose toil,
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land 365
 With all the pomp of harvest; shall he bleed,
 335 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands
 Even of the clown he feeds? and that perhaps,
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,

340 In this late age, adventurous to have touch'd
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state 375
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.
 Besides, who knows, how *rais'd* to higher life,
 345 From stage to stage the *vital scale ascends*?

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away; 380
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time,
 350 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly;
 The rod fine-tapering, with elastic spring; 385
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line;
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.
 356 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallowed deep, 390
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

When

When with his lively ray the potent sun 394
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze, 401
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils 405
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted plays in undulating flow;
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly;
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,
 With eye attentive mark the springing game. 410
 Strait as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some, 415
 With various hand, proportion'd to their force.
 If, yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven, 420
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled infant throw. But should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art. 425

Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death, 430
 With sullen plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool, 435
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:
 Till floating broad upon his breathless side, 440
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
 You gayly drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temperate hours: but when the sun
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps; 445
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
 With all the lowly children of the shade: 450
 Or ly reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,
 Hung o'er the deep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
 The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk,
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead 455
 Through rural scenes, such as the *Mantuan* swain
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.

Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:

Or, by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,
Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandering images of things,
Soothe every gust of passion into peace;
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb the tranquil mind.

460

465

Behold yon breathing prospect bids the Muse
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah what shall language do? ah where find words
Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,
That inexhaustive flow continual round?

470

476

Yet, tho' successful, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself!
Come, with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
These looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May

480

484

Steals

Steals blushing on, together let us tread 490
 The morning-dews, and gather in their prime
 Fresh blooming flowers to grace thy braided hair,
 And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.

See, where the winding vale its lavish stores,
 Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks 495
 The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
 Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
 In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
 Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
 Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast 500

A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence
 Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
 Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
 Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
 The negligence of *nature*, wide and wild; 505
 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *art*, she spreads
 Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

Here their delicious task the servent bees,
 In swarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
 Through the soft air the busy nations fly, 510
 Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,
 Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul:
 And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare
 The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
 And yellow load them with the luscious spoil. 515

At length the finish'd garden to the view
 Its vistas opens, and its alleys green.
 Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
 Distracted wanders: now the bowery walk
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day 520
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:

Now meets the bending sky: the river now
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,
 Th' etherial mountain, and the distant main. 525
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,
 Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first; 530
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
 The yellow wall-flower stain'd with iron brown;
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round.
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed, 535
 Anemones; auriculas, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red.
 Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
 Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd 540
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run; and, while they break
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud, 545
 First born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils,
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still; 550
 Nor broad carnations; nor gay spotted pinks;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,

With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom. 555

Hail SOURCE OF BEING! UNIVERSAL SOUL
Of heaven and earth! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail!
To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a master-hand,
Hast the great Whole into perfection touch'd. 560
By THEE the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:

By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils, 564
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.

At THY command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation mounting, spreads 570
All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As, rising from the vegetable world,
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim. 575

Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse; while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme 580
Unknown to fame, *the passion of the groves*.

When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing; 585
And

And try again the long-forgotten strain,
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
 The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
 In music unconfin'd. Up springs the lark, 590
 Shrill-voic'd and loud, the messenger of morn;
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush 595
 Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
 Of the coy quirksters that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length 600
 Of notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove: 605
 Nor are the linnets o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these,
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw, 610
 And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.
 'Tis love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love; 615
 That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try

Try every winning way inventive love
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around, 620
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least approbance to bestow, 625
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
 And shiver every feather with desire. 630

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
 That NATURE's *great command* may be obey'd:
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive 635
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn
 Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
 Offers its kind concealment to a few, 640
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy deal,
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks, 645
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,

The

They frame the first foundation of their domes; 650
 Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
 And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless hurry through the busy air,
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house 655
 Intent. And often, from the careless back
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
 Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,
 Clean and compleat their habitation grows. 660

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand 665
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious time away; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young, 670
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
 A helpless family, demanding food
 With constant clamour: O what passions then,
 What melting sentiments of kindly care, 675
 On the new parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious morsel to their young;
 Which equally distributed, again
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair, 680
 By fortune sunk, but form'd of generous mold,
 And

And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train, 685
 Check their own appetites, and give them all.
 Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd,
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
 And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing, 690
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive,
 Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on 696
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild duck, hence,
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
 The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead 700
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.
 Be not the Muse asham'd here to bemoan
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air. 705
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
 Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song, 710
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
 If on your bosom innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd 715
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls; 720
 Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings
 Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall 725
 Takes up again her lamentable strain
 Of winding woe; till wide around the woods
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings, 730
 Demand the free possession of the sky:
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves
 Parental love at once, now needless grown.
 Unlavisb *Wisdom* never works in vain.
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild, 735
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad
 On Nature's common, far as they can see, 740
 Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly 745
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,

Or push them off. The surging air receives
 The plamy burden; and their self-taught wings
 Winnow the waving element. On ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight; 750
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air
 Th'acquitted parents see their soaring race,
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

High from the summit of a craggy cliff, 755
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost † *Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race
 Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds,
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire. 760
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea,
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles. 765

Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey 771
 Of the mix'd household-kind. The careful hen
 Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond, 776
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train

D 2

Rowe

† The farthest of the western islands in *Scotland*.

Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing swan
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale ;
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet 780
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims in radiant majesty along. 785
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world 790
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
 And fierce desire. Through all his lusty veins
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom, 795
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
 Luxuriant shoot ; or thro' the mazy wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.
 And oft, in jealous, madding fancy wrapt, 800
 He seeks the fight ; and, idly butting, feigns
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins:
 Their eyes flash fury ; to the hollow'd earth,
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,
 And groaning deep th' impetuous battle mix : 805
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near
 Stands, kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,

Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head, 811

And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;

O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;
And, neighing, on th' aerial summit takes 815

Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,

Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round: such is the force

With which his frantic heart and sinews swell. 820

Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:

From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unweildy joy.

Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing 825
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:

How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,

The far-resounding waste, in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme

I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR, 831
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,

Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.

Around him feeds his many-bleating flock, 835
Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,

This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race

Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,
They start away, and sweep the massy mound 840

That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of

Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled,
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state, 845
 Where *wealth* and *commerce* lift the golden head;
 And o'er our labours *liberty* and *law*
 Impartial watch; the wonder of a world!

What is this *mighty breath*, ye curious, say,
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard, 850
 Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breast
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but GOD?
 Inspiring GOD! who, boundless Spirit all,
 And unremitting energy; pervades,
 Adjusts, sustains and agitates the whole. 855
 He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*
 Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd
 'Is this complex stupend'ous scheme of things.
 But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye
 Th' informing Author in his works appears: 860
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,
 The SMILING GOD is seen; while water, earth
 And air attest his bounty; which exalts
 The brute creation to this finer thought,
 And annual melts their undesigning hearts 865
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

Still let my song a nobler note assume,
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man;
 When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
 To raise his being, and serene his soul. 870
 Can he forbear to join the general smile
 Of nature? can fierce passions vex his breast,
 While every gale is peace, and every grove

S P R I N G.

31

Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye fordid sons of earth, 875
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns
With warmest beam; and on your open front 880
And liberal eye sits, from his dark retreat

Inviting modest want. Nor, till invoc'd,
Can restless goodness wait; your active search
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;
Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft 885
The lonely heart with unexpected good.

For you the roving spirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Descend in glad some plenty o'er the world;
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you, 890
Ye flower of human race! — In these green days,

Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss 895
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings
To purchase. Pure serenity apace

Induces thought, and Contemplation still.
By swift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd 900

To rapture and enthusiastic heat,
We feel the present DEITY, and taste
The joy of GOD to see a happy world!

These are the sacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray, 905

O LYTTTELTON, the friend! thy passions thus
 And meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muse, thro' *Hagley-park* thou strayest;
 Thy *British Tempe!* There, along the dale,
 With woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play, 911
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees,
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts 915
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,
 And pensive listen to the various voice
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots 920
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake
 On the south'd ear. From these abstracted oft,
 You wander thro' the philosophic world;
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious eye. 925
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,
 You tread the long extent of backward time:
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
 And honest zeal, unwarpt by party rage,
 BRITANNIA's weal; how from the venal gulph 930
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts
 The muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring breath of antient song;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own. 935
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all

Wears to the lover's eye a look of love ;
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away. 940
 The tender heart is animated peace ;
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,
 In varied converse, softening every theme,
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,
 Where meekness'd sense and amiable grace, 945
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,
 Inimitable happiness! which love,
 Alone bestows, and on a *favour'd* few.
 Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow
 The bursting prospect spreads immense around: 951
 And, snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees,
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd 955
 Of household smoak, your eye excursive roams:
 Wide stretching from the *hall*, in whose kind haunt
 The *hospitable genius* lingers still,
 To where the broken landskip, by degrees
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills; 960
 O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.
 Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round; 965
 Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth:
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,
 In brighter flow; her wishing bosom heaves
 With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize

Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic power, and sick
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair!
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts:
 Dare not the infectious sigh, the pleading look, 975
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
 Where woodbines flaunt, and roses shed a couch, 980
 While evening draws her crimson curtains round,
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

And let th' aspiring youth beware of love,
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours. 985
 Then wisdom prostrate lyes, and fading fame
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;
 Th' inticing smile; the modest-seeming eye, 990
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him-on
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy. 995

Even present, in the very lap of love
 Inglorious laid; while music flows around,
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her sneaky crest: a quick-returning pang 1000
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still
 A

And great design, against th' oppressive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

But absent, what fantastic woes, arrous'd,
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed, 1005
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?

Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.

'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1010

To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All nature fades extinct; and she alone

Hear'd, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein. 1015

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;

And sad amid the social band he sits,

Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue

Th' unfinished period falls: while borne away
On swelling thought, his wasted spirit flies 1020

To the vain bosom of his distant fair;

And leaves the semblance of a lover, fixed

In melancholy site, with head declined,

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,

Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs 1025

To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms,

Where the dun umbrage, o'er the falling stream,

Romantic hangs; there, thro' the pensive dusk

Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,

Indulging all to love: or on the bank 1030

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze

With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.

Thus, in soft anguish, he consumes the day,

Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east, 1035
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,
 With soften'd soul, and wooes the bird of eve
 To mingle woes with his: or while the world, 1040
 And all the sons of Care ly hush'd in sleep,
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
 Meant for the moving messenger of love; 1045
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
 Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn 1050
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,
 Exanimate by love: and then, perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,
 That o'er the sick imagination rise, 1055
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd
 To secret winding, flower-enwoven bowers,
 Far from the dull impertinence of man, 1060
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste, 1065

In night and tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending precipice ; or wades
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther shore ; where, succourless and sad,
 He with extended arms his aid implores ; 1070
 But strives in vain ; borne by th' outrageous flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.
 These are the charming agonies of love,
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart 1075
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then, 1080
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
 Farewel ! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
 Shine out your last ! the yellow-tinging plague
 Internal vision taints, and in a night
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps. 1085
 Ah then ! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes,
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed ;
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire ;
 A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek, 1090
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up 1095
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,

Deceitful

Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought, 1108
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart :
 For even the sad assurance of his fears 1109
 Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
 Of sever'd rapture, or of cruel care; 1110
 His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they! the happiest of their kind!
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings, blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws, 1111
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love;
 Where friendship full-exerts her softest power, 1112
 Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence : for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure. 1113
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days :

Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love 1130
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;
 Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven
 Exclude their bosom slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated form:
 While those whom love cements in holy faith, 1135
 And equal transport, free as nature live,
 Disdaining fear. What is the world to them?
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish; 1140
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
 Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round, 1145
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
 The human blossom blows; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
 Then infant reason grows apace, and calls 1150
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
 Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix 1155
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart: 1160
 An elegant sufficiency, content,

Retirement:

Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour; useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love; 116
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes, at last, serene and mild; 117
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together free'd, their gentle spirits fly 117
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

S U M M E R.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr DODDINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature, in this season, is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer-insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich, well cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

FROM bright'ning fields of ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's
 He comes attended by the sultry hours, [depth:
 And ever-fanning breezes on his way ;
 While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushful face ; and earth, and skies,
 All smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

Hence, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ;
 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, ly at large,
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

Come, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit seat,
 By mortal seldom found : may fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look
 Creative of the Poet, every power
 Exalting to an extacy of soul.

And thou, my youthful muse's early friend,
 In whom the human graces all unite :
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart ;
 Genius, and wisdom ; the gay social sense,
 By decency chastis'd ; goodness and wit,
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty, and Man.
 O DODINGTON ! attend my rural song,
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

With what an awful, world-revolving power,
Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35
That oft has swept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away,
Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40
Minutely faithful: such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND
That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

When now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night; 45
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of dews,
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east:
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;
And, from before the lustre of her face, 50
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
Brown Night retires: young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top
Well on the sight, and brighten with the dawn. 55
Blue thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, awkward: while along the forest-glade
The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
At early passenger. Music awakes, 60
The native voice of undissembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.
Sous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves

His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
 And from the crouded fold, in order drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn. 65

Falsely luxurious, will not Man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,
 To meditation due, and sacred song? 70
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
 To ly in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life?
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul!

Or else to feverish vanity alive, 75
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain,
 Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,
 To bless the wildly-devious morning walk? 80

But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all 85
 Aslant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wand'ring streams
 High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light! 90
 Of all material beings first, and best!
 Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!
 Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt
 In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!
 Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen 95
 Shines

Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ?

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,
As with a chain indissoluble bound,

Thy System rolls entire : from the far bourn
Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round 100

Of thirty years; to *Mercury*, whose disk
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train !

Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely mafs, inert and dead, 106

And not as now, the green-abodes of life ;
How many forms of being wait on thee !

Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

The vegetable world is also thine,
Parent of *Seasons* ! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,
Annual, along the bright ecliptic-road, 115
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.

Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up 119

A common hymn : while, round thy beaming car,
High seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,
In bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
And softened into joy the surly *Storms*. 125

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,

Herbs

Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth, 130
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd :
But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ; 135
Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bless mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by Thee, 140
In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact ; that polish'd bright,
And all its native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair one's breast, 145
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the Ruby lights its deep'ning glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tinct, 150
The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale, 154
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ;
Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

S U M M E R.

47

The very dead creation, from thy touch, 160

Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,

In brighter mazes, the relucient stream

Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,

Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,

Softens at thy return. The desert joys 165

Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.

Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,

Seen from some pointed promontory's top,

Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,

Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this, 170

And all the much transported Muse can sing,

Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,

Unequal far ; great delegated source

Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM, 175

Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light

Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd

From mortal eye, or angels purer ken ;

Whose single smile has, from the first of time,

Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven, 180

That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky ;

But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,

And all th' extinguish'd stars, would, loosening, reel

Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

And yet, was every faltering tongue of Man, 185

ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy praise ;

Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,

Even in the depth of solitary woods

By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,

And to the quire celestial THEE resound, 190

Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all !

T.

To me be Nature's volume broad display'd;
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,
 My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun
 Melts into limpid air the high-raised clouds,
 And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
 In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
 The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems
 Far stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

Half in a blush of clustering roses lost,
 Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;
 There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
 By gelid fountains, and careless rills to muse:
 While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the sky,
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts
 On man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

Who can, unpitying, see the flowery race,
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,
 Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
 When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,
 Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
 Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

Home, from his morning task the swain retreats
 His flock before him stepping to the fold:
 While the full-udder'd mother lows around
 The chearful cottage, then expecting food,

The food of innocence, and health ! The daw,
 The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225
 (That the calm village in their verdant arms,
 Shelt'ring, embrace) direct their lazy flight ;
 Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,
 All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.
 Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene ; 230
 And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,
 The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lyes,
 Out-stretch'd and sleepy. In his slumbers one
 Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults
 O'er hill and dale ; till waken'd by the wasp, 235
 They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain
 To let the little noisy summer-race
 Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song :
 Not mean, tho' simple ; to the sun ally'd,
 From him they draw their animating fire. 240
 Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
 Come wing'd abroad ; by the light air upborn,
 Lighter and full of soul. From every chink,
 And secret corner, where they slept away
 The wintry storms ; or rising from their tombs, 245
 To higher life ; by myriads, forth at once,
 Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd hues
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand forms ! Ten thousand different tribes !
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250
 By fatal instinct fly ; where on the pool
 They, sportive, wheel, or, sailing down the stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd, and fed, 255

In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,
 And every latent herb : for the sweet task,
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd, 265
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,
 The fold and dairy, hungry, bend their flight ;
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese :
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream
 They meet their fate ; or, weltring in the bowl, 265
 With pow'rless wings around them wrapt, expire.

But chief to heedless flies the window proves
 A constant death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain spider lives, cunning and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled heap 270
 Of carcases, in eager watch he sits,
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.
 Near the dire cell the dreadful wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front ;
 The prey, at last, ensnar'd, he dreadful darts, 275
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line ;
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering wing
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,
 And ask the helping hospitable hand. 280
 — Resounds the living surface of the ground :
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon ;
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lyes reclin'd,
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade 285
 Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook.

Gradual, from these what numerous kinds descend

Erading

Evading ev'n the microscopic eye !

Full Nature swarms with life ; one wondrous mass
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd, 290

Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAV'N

Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,

In putrid steams, emits the living cloud

Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,

Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,

Earth animated heaves. The flow'ry leaf 296

Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure

Within its winding citadel, the stone

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,

That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze, 300

The downy orchyard, and the melting pulp

Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed

Of evanescent insects. Where the pool

Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,

Amid the floating verdure millions stray. 305

Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,

Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,

With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream

Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,

Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems, 310

Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd

By the kind art of forming HEAV'N, escape

The grosser eye of man : for, if the worlds

In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,

From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl, 315

He would abhorrent turn ; and in dead night,

When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

Let no presuming, impious railer tax

CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd

In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?
 As if, upon a full proportion'd dome,
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art! 325
 A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;
 Mark'd their dependence so, and firm accord, 330
 As with unfault'ring accent to conclude
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss!
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

Thick in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
 The quiv'ring nations sport; till, temp' st wing'd,
 Fierce winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass 346
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes 350
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now

320 Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead :
 The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,
 Healthful and strong ; full as the summer-rose
 Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid, 355
 Half naked, swelling on the sight, and all
 325 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.
 Even stooping-age is here, and infant-hands
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll. 360
 Wide flies the tedded grain ; all in a row
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
 330 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground, 365
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,
 335 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order gay : while heard from dale to dale,
 Taking the breeze, resounds the blended voice
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee. 370
 Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
 340 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy running brook
 Forms a deep pool : this bank abrupt and high,
 And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore. 375
 Dragg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
 The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,
 346 Are the soft fearful people to the flood
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
 In some impatient seizing, hurls them in : 380
 Unbolder'd then, nor hesitating more,
 350 Swift, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,
 And, panting, labour to the farthest shore.

Repeated

Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race: where, as they spread
Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturb'd, and wond'ring what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hills.
At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerable press'd,
Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.
The house-wife waits to roll her fleecy stores,
With all her gay-drest maids attending round.
One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays
Her smiles sweet-beaming, on her shepherd king;
While the glad circle round them yield their souls
To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:
Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,
Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,
To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;
Others th' unwilling wedder drag along,
And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy
Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy Man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,

What dumb complaining innocence appears !

Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife

Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;

No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,

Who having now, to pay his annual care, 420

Morrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,

Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene ! yet hence BRITANNIA sees

Her solid grandeur rise : hence she commands

Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime, 425

The treasures of the Sun without his rage :

Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,

Wide glows her land : her dreadful thunder hence

Rolls o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,

Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast : 430

Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical, the Sun

Starts on the head direct his forceful rays.

Over heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye

Can sweep, a dazling deluge reigns ; and all 435

From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.

In vain the sight, dejected to the ground,

Seeks for relief ; thence hot ascending steams

And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root

Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields 440

And slipp'ry lawn an arid hue disclose,

Fast Fancy's blooms, and wither ev'n the Soul.

Who no more returns the cheerful sound

Of sharp'ning scythe : the mower sinking heaps

Before him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd ;

And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard 446

Over the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.

The

The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conqu'ring heat, oh intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for Night;
Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon.

Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bow'ry thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides
Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides
The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye
And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;
And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.

Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock, 481
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank
 Some ruminating ly, while others stand
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip
 The circling surface. In the middle droops
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front, 490
 Which incompas'd he shakes ; and from his sides
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,
 Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careless arm 494
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ;
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd :
 There, list'ning ev'ry noise, his watchful dog.
 Light fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook, 500
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;
 While, from their lab'ring breasts a hollow moan
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills. 505
 Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
 Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd,
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye, 510
 And heart estrang'd to fear : his nervous chest,
 H Luxuriant,

Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength !
 Bears down th' opposing stream : quenchless his thirst,
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts ; 514
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth :
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall, 520
 And all is awful list'ning gloom around.

These are the haunts of Meditation, these
 The scenes where antient bards th' inspiring breath,
 Extatic, felt ; and, from this world retir'd,
 Convers'd with angels, and immortal forms, 525
 On gracious errands bent : to save the fall
 Of virtue, struggling on the brink of vice ;
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
 For future trials fated to prepare ; 530
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
 His muse to better themes ; to sooth the pangs
 Of dying worth ; and from the patriot's breast,
 (Back ward to mingle in detested war,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the death ; 535
 And numberless such offices of love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

Shook sudden from the bosom of the sky,
 A thousand shapes, or glide athwart the dusk,
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel 540
 A sacred terror, a severe delight,
 Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear

Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
 "Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we 545
 "From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,
 "The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.
 "Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
 "Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 "This holy calm, this harmony of mind, 550
 "Where purity and peace immingle charms.
 "Then fear not us; but with responsive song,
 "Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
 "By noisy folly and discordant vice,
 "Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD. 555
 "Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
 "When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
 "Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
 "And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
 "The deep'ning dale, or inmost sylvan glade: 560
 "A privilege bestowed by us, alone,
 "On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear,
 "Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain."
 And art thou, * STANLEY, of that sacred band?
 Alas, for us too soon!—Tho' rais'd above 565
 The reach of human pain, above the flight
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
 Of sadly-pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
 A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene; 570
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense

H 2

Inspir'd:

* A young lady, well known to the author, who died
 the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Inspir'd : where moral wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the toil of art ; and virtue glow'd,
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride. 575
 But, O thou best of parents ! wipe thy tears ;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd mind, and gentle worth. 580
 Believe the Muse : the wintry blast of death
 Kills not the buds of virtue ; no, they spread,
 Beneath the heav'nly beam of brighter suns,
 Thro' endless ages, into higher powers.

Thus up the mount, in airy vision rapt, 585
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the sound
 Of a near fall of water every sense (back,
 Wakes from the charm of thought : swift-shrinking
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene. 590

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
 Rolls fair and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
 It thund'ring shoots, and shakes the country round.
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, 595
 And from the loud, resounding rocks below
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose :
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks, 600
 Now flashes o'er the scattered fragments, now
 Assant the hollow'd channel rapid darts ;
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
 With wild inflected course, and lessen'd roar,

S U M M E R.

61

It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

605

Invited from the cliff, to whose dark brow
He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,
With upward pinions thro' the flood of day ;

And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,
Gains on the sun ; while all the tuneful race,

610

Quit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket ; or, from bower to bower
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,
Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his plaint,

615

Short interval of weary woe ! again

The sad idea of his murder'd mate,

Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,

Across his fancy comes ; and then resounds

620

A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

Beside the dewy border let me sit,

All in the freshness of the humid air ;

There in that hollow'd rock, grotesque and wild,

An ample chair, moss-lin'd, and over-head

625

By flow'ring umbrage shaded ; where the bee

Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm

Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,

While Nature lyes around deep-lull'd in Noon,

630

Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,

And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone* :

Climes unrelenting ! with whose rage compar'd,

Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

See, how at once the bright effulgent sun,

635

Rising direct, swift chases from the sky

The

The short-liv'd twilight ; and with ardent blaze
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air :
 He mounts his throne ; but kind before him sends
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,
 The † *general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,
 Returning suns, and * *double seasons* pass :
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills ;
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.
 Here lofty trees, to antient song unknown,
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste,
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,

† Which blows constantly between the tropics from
 the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and
 south-east ; caused by the pressure of the rarefied air
 on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of
 the sun from east to west.

* In all places between the tropics, the sun, as he
 passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a
 year perpendicular, which produces this effect.

burning sands that bank the shrubby vales, 660
 doubled day, yet in their rugged coats
 friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
 Bear me, *Pomona* ! to thy citron groves ;
 where the lemon and the piercing lime,
 with the deep orange, glowing thro' the green, 665
 their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,
 and by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
 In the night the massy locust sheds, 669
 hench my hot limbs ; or lead me thro' the maze,
 bow'ring endless, of the *Indian fig* ;
 thrown at gayer ease on some fair brow,
 let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
 and o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
 and high palmetos lift their graceful shade. 675
 stretch'd amid these orchyards of the sun,
 let me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
 and from the palm to draw its fresh'ning wine ;
 more bounteous far than all the frantic juice
 which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs
 bow-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd ; 681
 creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race
 of berries. Oft in humble station dwells
 boastful worth, above fastidious pomp.
 Humbleness, thou best *Anana*, thou the pride 685
 of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
 the poets imag'd in the golden age :
 O' meek, let me strip thee of thy tusty coat,
 and eat thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove* !
 From these the prospect varies. Plains immense
 stretch'd below, interminable meads, 691
 And

And vast savannahs, where the wand'ring eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,

And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride, 69

Plays o'er the fields, and show'rs with sudden hand

Exuberant spring: for oft these vallies shift

Their green embroider'd robe to fiery brown,

And swift to green again, as scorching suns,

Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail. 70

Along these lonely regions, where, retir'd

From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells

In awful solitude, and nought is seen

But the wild herds that own no master's stall,

Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas: 71

On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,

Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,

Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.

The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,

† Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side

The darted steel in idle shivers flies: 72

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;

Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,

In widening circle round, forget their food,

And at the harmless stranger wond'ring gaze. 73

Peaceful, beneath primeval trees, that cast

Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,

And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave;

Or mid the central depth of black'ning woods,

High rais'd in solemn theatre around, 74

Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes;

† The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
 Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he
 Of what the never-resting race of men
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or with his tow'ry grandeur swell their state,
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

725

731

736

740

745

Shoot

I

† In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds,
 Tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to
 Be less melodious than ours.

Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar* ; ardent climb 750
 The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask
 Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth ;
 No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming HEAV'N, 755
 With consecrated steel to stab their peace,
 And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,
 To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.

Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,
 From mead to mead, bright with exalted flowers,
 From jasmine grove to grove may'st wander gay 760

Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.

There on the breezy summit, spreading fair, 765

For many a league ; or on stupenduous rocks,

That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,

Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops ;

Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise ;

And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields; 770

And fountains gush ; and careless herds and flocks

Securely stray ; a world within itself,

Disdaining all assault : there let me draw

Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,

Profusely breathing from the spicy groves, 775

And vales of fragrance ; there at distance hear

The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep

From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold ;

And o'er the varied landscape, restless, rove,

Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 780

A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes

With

With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene ! In blazing height of noon;
The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.

Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round, 786

Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd,

For to the hot equator crouding fast,

Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air

Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 790

Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd ;

Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,

Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,

With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.

Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 795

Around the cold aerial mountain's brow,

And by conflicting winds together dash'd,

The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:

From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage ;

Till, in the furious elemental war, 800

Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass

Inbroken floods, and solid torrents pours.

The treasures these, hid from the bounded search

Of antient knowledge ; whence, with annual pomp,

Such king of floods ! o'erflows the swelling Nile.

From his two springs, in *Gojam's* sunny realm, 806

Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake

Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant stream.

There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away

His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles, 810

That with unfading verdure smile around.

Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks ;

And gathering many a flood, and copious fed

With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,
 Winds in progressive majesty along : 815
 Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts
 Of life-deserted sand ; till, glad to quit
 The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks
 From thund'ring steep to steep he pours his urn, 820
 And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave.

His brother, *Niger*, too, and all the floods
 In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave
 Their jetty limbs ; and all that from the tract
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*
 Fall on *Cormandel's* coast, or *Malabar* ; 825
 From † *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines
 With insect-lamps, to where *Aurora* sheds
 On *Indus's* smiling banks the rosy shower :
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns, 830
 And pour untailing harvest o'er the land.

Nor less thy world, *COLUMBUS*, drinks, refresh'd
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Cronque*
 Rolls a brown deluge ; and the native drives 835
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms,
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd
 From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends
 The mighty ‡ *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse 840

† The river that runs thro' *Siam*, on whose bank
 a vast multitude of those insects called *Fire-flies* make
 a beautiful appearance in the night.

• ‡ The river of the *Amazons*.

Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass
 Of rushing water ; scarce she dares attempt
 The sea-like *Plata* ; to whose dread expanse,
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force, 845
 In silent dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,
 Where the sun smiles, and seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these, 850
 O'er peopl'd plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle ;
 The seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd
 By Christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons. 855
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe ;
 And ocean trembles for his green domain.
 But what avails this wondrous waste of wealth ?
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss ? 860
 This pomp of Nature ? what their balmy meads,
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain ?
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,
 What their unplanted fruits ? what the cool draughts,
 In ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 866
 Their forests yield ? Their toiling insects what,
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes ?
 Ah ! what avail their fatal treasures, hid
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth, 870
Alcanda's gems, and sad *Potosi's* mines ;
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun ?

What

What all that *Afric's* golden rivers roll,
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?
 Ill-fated race! the soft'ning arts of Peace, 87
 Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers (HEAV'N;
 Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws, 88
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:
 These are not theirs. The Parent-sun himself
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 89
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life, 89
 The heart shed tear, th' ineffable delight
 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 89
 There lost. The very brute creation there
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,
 Which even imagination fears to tread,
 At noon forth issuing, gathers up his train 90
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,
 He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls

S U M M E R.

71

His flaming crest, all other thirst appall'd, 905
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins
 A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 910
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,
 This child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race
 To am, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut 915
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce,
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd :
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste ;
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 920
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods
 Of Mauritania, or the tufted isles,
 That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,
 Numerous glare around their shaggy king, 925
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand ;
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
 And near the guardian swain ; the nobler herds,
 Here round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 930
 They ruminating ly, with horror hear
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts ;
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains
 The thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,
 From *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd, 935
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again :
 While

While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,
From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

Unhappy he! who from the first of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone

Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,

And views the main that ever toils below ;

Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,

Where the round ether mixes with the wave, 940

Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds ;

At evening, to the setting sun he turns

A mournful eye, and down his dying heart

Sinks helpless ; while the wonted roar is up,

And his continual thro' the tedious night. 950

Yet here, even here, into these black abodes

Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,

And guilty *Cesar*, LIBERTY retir'd,

Her CATO following thro' *Numidian* wilds :

Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle plains, 960

And all the green delights *Ausonia* pours ;

When for them she must bend the servile knee,

And, fawning, take the splendid robber's boon.

Nor stop the terrors of those regions here.

Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath, 970

Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,

From all the boundless furnace of the sky,

And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,

A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites

With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil, 980

Son of the desert! even the camel feels,

Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.

Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,

rallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play: 970
 Nearer and nearer still they dark'ning come;
 Till, with the general all-involving storm
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;
 And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep, 975
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan
 Buried deep. In *Cairo's* crowded streets,
 Th' impatient merchant, wond'ring, waits in vain,
 And *Mecca* saddens at the long delay.
 But chief at sea, whose ev'ry flexile wave 980
 Obeys the blast, th' aerial tumult swells.
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
 The circling † Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky, 985
 And dire † *Ecnephia* reign. Amid the heav'n,
 Halfly serene, deep in a cloudy * speck
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:
 Of no regard, save to the skillful eye,
 Very and foul, the small prognostic hangs 990
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass 995

K

Of

† *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, names of particular storms
 hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

* Called by sailors the *Ox-eye*, being in appearance
 first no bigger.

Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods,
 In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands,
 Art is too slow : by rapid fate oppress'd,
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,
 Hid in the bosom of the black abyfs. 1000
 With such mad seas the daring * GAMA fought,
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
 Incessant, lab'ring round the *stormy Cape* ;
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst
 Of gold. For then from antient gloom emerg'd
 The rising world of trade : the *Genius*, then, 1006
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last (inspir'd)
 The † LUSITANIAN PRINCE ; who, HEAV'N'S
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1010
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.
 Increasing still the terrors of these storms,
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate, 1014
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent
 Of steaming crouds, of rank disease and death,
 Behold ! he rushing cuts the briny flood,
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along ;
 And from the partners of that cruel trade,
 Which spoils unhappy *Güinea* of her sons, 1020

* VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round
Africa, by the *Cape of Good-Hope*, to the *East-Indies*.

† DON HENRY, third son to *John* the first, king
 of *Portugal*. His strong genius to the discovery of
 new countries, was the chief source of all the mo-
 dern improvements in navigation.

Demands his share of prey ; demands themselves.
 The stormy fates descend : one death involves
 Tyrants and slaves ; when strait, their mangled limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas

With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1025

When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,
 And draws the copious steam : from swampy fens,
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,
 And breathes destructive myriads ; or from woods,
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1031

In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
 Whole gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce ; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease. 1035

A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,
 And feeble desolation, casting down

The tow'ring hopes and all the pride of Man.
 Such as, of late, at *Carthage*na quench'd 1040

The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw
 The miserable scene ; you, pitying, saw,
 To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm ;
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,
 The lip pale quivering, and the beamless eye 1045

No more with ardour bright : you heard the groans
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore ;
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
 The frequent corse ; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd, 1050
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

What need I mention those inclement skies,

Where, frequent o'er the sick'ning city, Plague,
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,
 Descends? * From *Ethiopia's* poison'd woods, 1055
 From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid fields
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage
 The brutes escape : Man is her destin'd prey,
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty domes, 1060
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death ;
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then, 1065
 Dejects his watchful eye ; and from the hand
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop
 The sword and balance : mute the voice of joy,
 And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad ; 1070
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd
 The chearful haunt of men : unless escap'd
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns
 Shut up by barb'rous fear the smitten wretch,
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose ; and, loud to heav'n
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1075
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors society :
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself, 1080

Savag'd

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the *Plague*, in DOCTOR MEAD's elegant book on that subject,

Swag'd by woe, forget the tender ty,
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.
 But vain their selfish care : the circling sky,
 The wide enliv'ning air is full of fate ;
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs, 1085
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair
 Extends her raven wing ; while, to compleat
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat, 1090
 And give the flying wretch a better death.
 Much yet remains unsung : the rage intense
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year :
 Kindled by the torch of noon to tenfold rage, 1095
 The infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,
 The expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Spiring cities from their solid base,
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph. 1100
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse :
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.
 Behold, slow settling o'er the lurid grove
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd 1105
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.
 Hence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame, 1110
 Illute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,
 Redd'ning gloom, a magazine of fate,
 Ferment ;

Ferment ; till, by the touch etherial rous'd,
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below, 111
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath. 112
 Prone to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens
 Cast a deploring eye ; by Man forsook, 113
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis list'ning fear, and dumb amazement all :
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud ; 113
 And following slower, in explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 113
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
 The noise astounds : till over head a sheet
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 114
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
 Enlarging, deep'ning, mingling ; peal on peal
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heav'n and earth.
 Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail, 114

Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,
 Pour a whole flood ; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles thro'
 Jagged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
 And fires the mountains with redoubl'd rage. 1149
 Black from the stroke, above, the smould'ring pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd trunk ; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless grouse the blasted cattle ly.
 Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In fancy's eye : and there the frowning bull, 1155
 And ox half-rai'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
 The venerable tower and spiry fane
 Assign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
 Part at the flash, and from their deep recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
 Amid *Carnarvon's* mountains rages loud 1161
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,
 To the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
 Of *Peumauaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,
 Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and *Snowden's* peak, 1165
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.
 Or seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,
 And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost isles.
 Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
 And yet not always on the guilty head 1170
 Descends the fated flash. Young *CELADON*,
 And his *AMELIA*, were a matchless pair ;
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
 'Tis the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1175
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They

They lov'd : but such their guileless passion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish,
Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love ; each was to each a dearer self ;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,
By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,
The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,
While, with each other blest, creative love
Still bad eternal *Eden* smile around.

Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd
Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on CELADON, her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
In vain assuring love, and confidence

In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shew'd
Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd

Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
With love illumin'd high. " Fear not, he said,

" Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence,

" And inward storm ! HE, who yon skies involves

" In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee

" With kind regard, O'er thee the secret shaft

" That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless : and that very voice, 1210
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus
 " To clasp perfection ! " From his void embrace, 1214
 (Mysterious Heav'n !) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe !
 O, faint resemblance ! on the marble tomb, 1220
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky
 Sublimely swells, and o'er the world expands 1225
 A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,
 Shines out afresh ; and thro' the lighten'd air
 A higher lustre and a clearer calm,
 Diffusive, tremble ; while, as if in sign
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy, 1230
 Is off abundant by the yellow ray,
 Affects the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,
 Bin'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
 Of flocks thick nibbling thro' the clover'd vale. 1235
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Lost-favour'd ; who with voice articulate
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world ?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky, 1240

Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

Chear'd by the milder beam, the sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose chrystal depths
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 124
Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebony tresses, and his rosy cheek 125
Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes
As humour leads, an easy-winding path;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light 126
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

This is the purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the bright'ning floods
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink. 127
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 128
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.
Even, from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

Close in the covert of an hazel copse,
Where winded into pleasing solitudes 129
Runs out the rambling dale, young *DAMON* sat,
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.

The

There to the stream that down the distant rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that
 Among the bending willows, falsely he (play'd
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd. 1276
 She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,
 The soft return conceal'd, save when it stole
 In side-long glances from her downcast eye, 1280
 Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.
 Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,
 He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
 And, if an infant passion struggled there,
 To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain! 1285
 A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
 Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
 For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
 This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:
 Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd; 1290
 And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe
 Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
 His pure ingenuous elegance of soul, 1295
 His delicate refinement, known to few,
 perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
 But love forbid. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Oh, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest 1300
 In the Cadian stream, with timid eye around
 The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.
 Oh then! not *Paris* on the piny top

Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside
The rival-goddesses the veil divine
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, DAMON, thou; as from the snowy leg,
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone; 1305
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,
How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white, 1310
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn? 1315
Then to the flood she rush'd, the parted flood
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty soft'ning, every grace
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:
As shines the lily thro' the chrystal mild; 1320
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,
Fresh from *Aurora's* hand, more sweetly glows.
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,
That half embrac'd her in a humid veil, 1325
Rising again, the latent DAMON drew
Such mad'ning draughts of beauty to the soul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too daring. Check'd, at last,
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd 1330
The theft profane, if aught profane to love

Can e'er be deem'd ; and, struggling from the shade
 With headlong hurry fled : but first these lines,
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank,
 With trembling hand he threw. " Bathe on, my fair,
 Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1341

Of faithful love : I go to guard thy haunt,
 To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,
 And each licentious eye." With wild surprise,
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense, 1345

A stupid moment motionless she stood :
 So stands the † statue that enchants the world,
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,
 The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes 1350

Which blissful *Eden* knew not ; and, array'd
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.
 But, when her DAMON's well known hand she saw,
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train
 Of mix'd emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1355

Her sudden bosom seiz'd : shame void of guilt,
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem
 And admiration of her lover's flame,
 By modesty exalted : even a sense
 Of self-approving beauty, stole across 1360

Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul ;
 And on the spreading beech that o'er the stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the sylvan pen
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd, 1365

Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping joy :
 Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,
 Alas !

† The Venus of *Medici*.

“ By fortune too much favour’d, but by love
 “ Alas! not favour’d less, be still as now
 “ Discreet : the time may come you need not fly.”

The sun has lost his rage : his downward orb 137
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
 And vital lustre, that, with various ray,
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heav’n
 Incessant roll’d into romantic shapes, 137
 The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below,
 Cover’d with rip’ning fruits, and swelling fast
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves 138
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his heart,
 And in pathetic song to breathe around
 The harmony to others. Social friends,
 Attun’d to happy unison of soul ; 138
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
 Displays its charms ; whose minds are richly fraught
 With philosophic stores, superior light ;
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns 139
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance ;
 Now call’d abroad enjoy the falling day :
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,
 To Nature’s vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk ;
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns
 The full free converse of the friendly heart, 139
 Improving and improv’d. Now from the world
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
 And pour their souls in transport, which the *SIREN*

Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1403
 Which way, AMANDA, shall we bend our course?
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild 1405
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
 Thy hill, delightful • *Shene*? Here let us sweep
 The boundless landskip: now the raptur'd eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send, 1410
 Now to the † *Sister Hills* that skirt her plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windfor* lifts his princely brow.
 A lovely contrast to this glorious view
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1415
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat:
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embow'ring walks,
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1421
 With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY wooes the willing Muse,
 Now let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES;
 Air winding up to where the Muses haunt 1426
 Twit'nam's bow'rs, and for their POPE implore
 The

• The old name of *Richmond*, signifying, in *Saxon*,
 shining, or *Splendor*.

† *Highbgate* and *Hamstead*.

The healing God; to royal *Hampton's* pile,
 To *Clermont's* terrass'd height, and *Esher's* groves,
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd 143
 By the soft windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From courts and senates *PELIAM* finds repose.
 Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung!
 O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills! 143
 On which the *Power of Cultivation* lyes,
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

Heav'n's! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landskip into smook decays! 144
 Happy *BRITANNIA*! where the *QUEEN OF ARTS*
 Inspiring vigour, *LIBERTY* abroad,
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand. 144

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
 With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their sides
 Bellow the black'ning herds in lusty droves. 145
 Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth
 And property assures it to the swain, 145
 Pleas'd, and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art;
 And trade and joy, in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard: even *Drudgery* himself,

As at the ear he sweats, or dusty hews 1460
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crouded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn. and echo to the shouts
 Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loosening every sheet, 1465
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy gen'rous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first
 Or on the list'd plain, or stormy seas. 1470

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;
 A genius, and substantial learning, high;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind; 1475
 Yet like the must'ring thunder when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
 Whom the splendor of heroic war, 1480
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine; whose hallow'd name the virtues saint,
 And his own Muses love; the best of Kings!
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
 The haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms, 1486
 That awes her genius still. In Statesmen thou,
 And Patriots, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a gen'rous, tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage, 1490
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,

M

Like

Like rigid CINCINNATUS, nobly poor,
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine; 1
 A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep,
 And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
 Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak
 The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN-REIG
 In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd; 1
 RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*! whose breast with
 The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his vigour when a coward-reign
 The warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind 1
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;
 Yet found no times in all the long research,
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 15
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
 The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul, 15
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age
 To slav'ry prone, and bad thee rise again,
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
 Bright, at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye 15
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew
 The grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd bla

With calmest chearfulness for thee resign'd,
 In'd the sad annals of a giddy reign ; 1525
 ming at lawless power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him
 His friend, the † BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled ;
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,
 Of antient learning to th' enlighten'd love 1530
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards* ;
 On as the light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.
 Thine is a BACON, hapless in his choice ; 1535
 To stand the civil storm of state,
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade
 And Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact and elegant ; in one rich soul, 1541
 CATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.
 The great deliv'rer he ! who from the gloom
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long 1545
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
 And definitions void : he led her forth,
 Daughter of HEAV'N ! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the chain of things,
 With radiant finger points to HEAV'N again. 1550
 The gen'rous † ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man ;
 M 2 Who

† ALGERNON SIDNEY.

† ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shaftes-

Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,
 To touch the finer movements of the mind;
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart. 155
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,
 The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE
 Who made the whole internal world his own?
 Let NEWTON, *pure intelligence*, whom GOD, 156
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 156
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's boast
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse
 Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?
 A genius universal as his theme;
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom 157
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heav'n sublime.
 Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground: 157
 Nor thee, his antient Master, laughing sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,
 Well moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.
 May my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own, 158
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,

Chap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white 1585
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
 And every nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud, moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1590
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love
 He sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.
 Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas 1595
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
 Once the wonder, terror, and delight,
 Of distant nations ; whose remotest shores
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm ;
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults 1600
 Defying, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.
 O Thou ! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 And forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol : white *Peace*, and social *Love* ;
 The tender looking *Charity*, intent 1606
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles ;
 The daunted *Truth* and *Dignity* of mind ;
 The brave compos'd and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
 Faithful in heart and look ; clear *Chastity*, 1610
 With blushes redd'ning as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 The rough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake :
 While in the radiant front, superior shines 1615
 That

That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal* ;
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And, ever musing on the 'common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design. 161

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
 In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
 Air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary chariot fought the bowers 162
 Of *Amphitrite*, and her tending nymphs,
 (So *Grecian* fable sung) he dips his orb ;
 Now half immers'd ; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

For ever running an enchanted round, 163
 Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void ;
 As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,
 This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank : 164
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,
 Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,
 Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile
 Upon his scoundrel train, what might have cheer'd
 A drooping family of modest worth. 165
 But to the gen'rous still-improving mind,
 That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,
 Diffusing kind beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent dew :
 To him the long review of order'd life 166
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confess'd from yonder slow-extinguish'd cloud

All ether soft'ning, sober *Evening* takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this* 1650
 She sends on earth ; then *that* of deeper dye
 Reals soft behind ; and then a *deeper* still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, 1655
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn ;
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1660
 Of Nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feather'd seeds she wings.
 His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Lies, merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves 1665
 The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail ;
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds. 1670
 Forward they pass, o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game, and revelry to pass
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell. 1675
 Not far about they wander from the grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
 Of impious violence, The lonely tower

Is also shunn'd; whose mournful chambers hold, 163
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.
 Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark
 A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
 The world to Night; not in her winter robe 163
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,
 Flings half an image on the straining eye; 163
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heav'n
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray 163
 Sweet *Venus* shines; and from her genial rise
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.
 As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink, 163
 With cherish'd gaze; the lambent lightnings shoot
 Across the sky, or horizontal dart,
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crouds
 Portent'ous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,
 The life-infusing sons of other worlds; 170
 Lo! from the dead immensity of space
 Returning, with accelerated course,
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,
 With awful train projected o'er the heav'ns, 171
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above

Thos

Those superstitious horrors that enslave
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
 Whose god-like minds philosophy exalts, 1715
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
 That wond'rous force of thought, which mounting
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky; (spurns
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds 1720
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE:
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake 1725
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps
 To lend new fuel to declining suns,
 To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire. 1729
 With thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee,
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!
 A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul, 1735
 New to the dawning of celestial day.
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 The springs aloft, with elevated pride,
 Above the tangling mass of low desires, 1739
 That bind the flutt'ring croud; and, angel-wing'd,
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,

To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd :
 The *First* up-tracing from the dreary void,
 The chain of causes and effects to HIM,
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone
 Possesses being; while the *Last* receives
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
 And every beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence POETRY exalts
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page
 With music, image, sentiment, and thought,
 Never to die! the treasure of mankind!
 Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd Man?
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds,
 In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd furr
 Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,
 Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,
 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
 Mechanic; nor the heav'n-conducted prow
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning line, or dares the wintry pole;
 Mother severe of infinite delights!
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!
 Whose horrid circle had made human life
 Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee,
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;

To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
 embellish life. While thus laborious crowds
 by the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs
 the ruling helm ; or, like the lib'ral breath
 of potent Heav'n, invisible, the sail 1780
 wells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
 Nor to this evanescent speck of earth
 poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
 are her exalted range ; intent to gaze
 creation thro' ; and, from that full complex 1785
 of never-ending wonders, to conceive
 of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,
 and Nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns
 her eye ; and instant, at her pow'rful glance, 1790
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear ;
 compound, divide, and into order shift,
 each to his rank, from plain perception up
 to the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train :
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth ; 1795
 and notion quite abstract ; where first begins
 The world of spirits, action all, and life
 unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,
 so wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
 enough for us to know, that this dark state, 1800
 in wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
 The final issue of the works of God,
 by boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
 and ever rising with the rising mind. 1805

A U T U M N.



The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to Mr ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry rais'd by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn; whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of the country. A prospect of the discolour'd, fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gather'd in, the country dissolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.



CROWN'D with the sickle & the wheaten sheaf,
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
 Comes jovial on; the *Doric* reed once more
 Shall pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost
 Rous prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring 5
 In white promise forth; and Summer suns
 Concoct strong, rush boundless now to view,
 All perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.
 SLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10
 Should, from the *Public Voice*, thy gentle ear
 To life engage. Thy noble cares she knows,
 The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,
 Read on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;
 While list'ning senates hang upon thy tongue, 15
 Revolving thro' the maze of eloquence
 A row of periods, sweeter than her song.
 At the too pants for public virtue, she,
 No weak of pow'r, yet strong in ardent will,
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 20
 Takes a bolder note, and fondly tries
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
 When the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,
 And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year;
 From heav'n's high cope the fierce effulgence shook
 The parting Summer, a serener blue, 26
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.

Rich

Rich, silent, deep, they stand ; for not a gale
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain :
 A calm of plenty ! till the ruffled air
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky ;
 The clouds fly different ; and the sudden sun
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.
 A gayly-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

These are thy blessings, INDUSTRY ! rough power
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain ;
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45
 And all the soft civility of life :
 Raiser of human kind ! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements ;
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite ; but idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,
 Slept the lethargic powers ; corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the lib'ral hand 55
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year :
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With beasts of prey ; or for his acorn-meal
 Fought the fierce tusky boar ; a shivering wretch !
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost :
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled ;

And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.
 For home he had not ; home is the resort 65
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.
 But this the rugged savage never felt,
 Ev'n desolate in crouds; and thus his days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
 A waste of time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth :
 His faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand 75
 Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast ; 80
 Gave the tall antient forest to his ax ;
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hue the stone,
 Till, by degrees, the finish'd fabric rose ;
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,
 And wrapt them in the wooly vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn ;
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
 The gen'rous glass around, inspir'd to wake
 The life-refining soul of decent wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity ; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance and grace ;
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,
 Let science, wisdom, glory in his view,
 And bad him be the Lord of all below. 95
 Then

Then gath'ring Men their nat'ral powers combin'd,
 And form'd a *Public*; to the gen'ral good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,
 The free, and fairly represented *Whole*;
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the helm; yet still
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,
 And all the honey of their search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd,
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of art, the city rear'd
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
 Tobows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

Then COMMERCE brought into the public wall
 The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;
 Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along

Row'd, regular, to harmony ; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings ;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130
 From bank to bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with oak
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample roof ; and luxury within 135
 Pour'd out her glitt'ring stores : the canvas smooth,
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view
 Embodied rose ; the statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into flesh, beneath the touch
 Of forming art, imagination-flush'd. 140

All is the gift of INDUSTRY ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter, chear'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ; 145
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring ;
 Without him Summer were an arid waste ;
 Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recall my wand'ring song. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
 While thro' their chearful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal and the rural jest,

Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The lib'ral handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heav'n,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
 The lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and HEAV'N,
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble; old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the lilly, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Set fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205
 But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embow'ring woods,
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by ail,
 The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's fields. The pride of swains
 PALEMON was, the gen'rous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song 220
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted times;
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.

He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field. 235
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

" What pity ! that so delicate a form,
 " By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 " And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240
 " Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,
 " Of old ACASTO's line ; and, to my mind,
 " Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 " From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise ;
 " Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 " And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd. 245
 " 'Tis said, that in some lone obscure retreat,
 " Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 " Far from those scenes which knew their better day
 " His aged widow and his daughter live, 250
 " Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 " Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !

When, strict-enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak 255

The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260

Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul. 264

"And art thou then ACASTO's dear remains?
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,
 So long in vain? O yes! the very same,
 The soften'd image of my noble friend,
 Alive, his every feature, every look, 269
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!

Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted heaven?
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 275
 Tho' poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
 Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?

O let me now, into a richer soil, (show'rs
 Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns and
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 280
 And of my garden be the pride, and joy!

Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
 ACASTO's daughter, his whose open stores,
 Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country, thus to pick 285
 The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.

"Then

" Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task ;
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
 " If to the various blessings which thy house
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 " That dearest bliss, the pow'r of blessing thee !"

Here ceas'd the youth : yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate ;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours :
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling tops, and a still murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn.
 But as the aerial tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world :

Strain'd

A U T U M N.

III

rain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320
rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.

high-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
from the bare wild, the dissipated storm,
and send it in a torrent down the vale.

expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325

thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,
the billowy plain floats wide ; nor can evade,
tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force ;
or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff

look waste. And sometimes, too, a burst of rain,
swept from the black horizon, broad, descends 331

one continuous flood. Still over head

the mingling tempest waves its gloom, and still

the deluge deepens ; till the fields around

are sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave. 335

swollen, the ditches swell ; the meadows swim.

led, from the hills, innumerable streams

in tumultuous roar ; and high above its banks

the river lift ; before whose rushing tide, 339

herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,

all mingled down ; all that the winds had spar'd

in one wild moment ruin'd ; the big hopes,

and well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.

led to some eminence, the husbandman

helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345

driving along ; his drowning ox at once

descending, with his labours scatter'd round,

he sees ; and instant o'er his shiv'ring thought

comes Winter, unprovided, and a train

of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350

be mindful of the rough laborious hand,

That

That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad,
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
 The gun fast-thund'ring, and the winded horn,
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game*:
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws full*,
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
 As in the sun the circling covey bask
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more:
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
 O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
 Immediate, brings them from the tow'ring wing,
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
 Then most delighted, when she social sees
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,

This falsely-chearful barb'rous game of death ;
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn ;
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
 As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
 Alham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power,
 Inflam'd beyond the most infuriate wrath
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
 As what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare !

Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
 Retir'd : the rushy fen ; the ragged furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath ; the stubble chapt ;
 The thistly lawn ; the thick-entangled broom ; 405
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern ;
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy bank,
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
 Vain is her best precaution ; tho' she sits 410
 Conceal'd, with folded ears ; unsleeping eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in ;
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
 In act to spring away. The scented dew
 Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep, 415

In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage soul of game is up at once :
 The pack full-opening, various ; the shrill horn,
 Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
 Wild for the chace ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
 He, sprightly, puts his faith ; and, rous'd by fear,
 Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight.
 Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
 To leave the lessening murd'rous cry behind.
 Deception short ! tho' fleetier than the winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,
 He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,
 And plunges deep into the wildest wood.
 If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
 Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
 Expel him, circling thro' his ev'ry shift.
 He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
 The glades, mild-opening to the golden day ;
 Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends
 He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
 To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :

Of the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450
Inspire the course ; but fainting breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest, 456
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth
Whose fervent blood boils into violence,
Must have the chace ; behold, despising flight, 460
The rous'd up lion, resolute, and slow,
Advancing full on the protended spear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf ; on him his shaggy foe 465
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die :
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm. (then
These BRITAIN knows not ; give, ye BRITONS,
Your sportive fury, pitiless, to pour 471
Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :
Him, from his craggy-winding haunts unearth'd,
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge
High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass 476
Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood

Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
 Your triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From rock to rock, in circling echoes tost.

But if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.
 Far be the spirit of the chace from them !
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;
 To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;
 With every motion, every word, to wave
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink,
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;
 And by this silent adulation, soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man.
 O may their eyes no miserable sight,
 Save weeping lovers, see ! a nobler game,
 Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress !
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;
 To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;
 To trail the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ;

To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race
 To rear their graces into second life ;
 To give society its highest taste ; 515
 Well-order'd Home Man's best delight to make ;
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life : 520
 This be the female dignity, and praise.
 Ye swains now hasten to the hazel-bank ;
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,
 Sit for the thickets and the tangling shrub, 525
 The virgins come. For you their latest song
 The woodlands raise ; the clust'ring nuts for you
 The lover finds amid the secret shade ;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,
 With active vigour crushes down the tree ; 530
 He shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,
 The glossy show'r, and of an ardent brown,
 Are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair :
 MELINDA form'd with every grace compleat,
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty & life, 535
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.
 Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
 Cheerful error let us tread the maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,
 The breath of orchyard big with bending fruit. 540
 Obdient to the breeze and beating ray,
 From the deep-loaded bough a mellow show'r
 Incessant

Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
 Lyes, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race ; 545
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd ;
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
 In ever-changing composition mixt.
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps 550
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
 Innumerable, o'er the blushing orchyard shakes.
 A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue : 555
 Thy *native* theme, and boon Inspirer too,
 PHILLIPS, *Pomona's* bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song :
 How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines 560
 Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry revels of the lab'ring hind ;
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day ; 565
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks
 Of DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain ;
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and ev'ry view,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs, 570
 In boundless prospect ; yonder shagg'd with wood,
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.
 New beauties rise with each revolving day ; 575

New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
 Full of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat ;
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.
 Here wand'ring oft, fir'd with the restless thirst 580
 Of thy applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring breeze : and meditate the book
 Of Nature ever open ; aiming thence,
 Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny wall, 585
 Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought :
 Presents the downy peach ; the shining plum ;
 The ruddy, fragrant nectarine ; and dark,
 Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig. 590
 The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots ;
 Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south ;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.
 Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
 To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent ; 595
 Where, by the potent sun elated high,
 The vineyard swells refulgent on the day ;
 Spreads o'er the vale ; or up the mountain climbs,
 Profuse ; and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 599
 From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
 Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,
 Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent ; while perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted juice, 605
 Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray ;

The

The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing swain ; the country floods
 And foams unbounded with the mazy flood ;
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy :
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl ;
 The mellow-tasted burgundy ; and quick,
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole,
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
 No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long division, fills the view
 With great variety ; but in a night
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
 The huge dust, gradual, swallows up the plain :
 Vanish the woods ; the dim-seen river seems
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.
 Even in the height of noon oppress'd, the sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray :
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life
 Objects appear ; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last

Wreath

Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, sits the general fog 640
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
Formless grey confusion covers all.
As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD)
Night, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn 645
Its lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving mists, that constant now begin
To smother along the hilly country, these,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,
The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores 650
Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some sages say, that where the numerous wave
For ever lashes the resounding shore, 655
Drill'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every way
The waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise;
Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,
They joyful leave their shaggy salts behind,
And clear and sweeten as they soak along. 660
Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,
Tho' oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;
But to the mountain courted by the sand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again 665
Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain
Amusive dream! why should the waters love
To take so far a journey to the hills,
When the sweet valleys offer to their toil 670

Q

Inviting

Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed ?
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,
 They must aspire ; why should they sudden stop
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts,
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak
 Their secret channels ; or, by slow degrees,
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales :
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro' the porous globe,
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry times again.

Say then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE, ly conceal'd
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes ?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
 O lay the mountains bare ! and wide display
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view !
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load ;
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imous* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* sullen bounds !
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream !
 O from the sounding summits of the north,
 The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main ;
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far seen by those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil ;
 From cold *Ripbean Rocks*, which the wild *Riifs*

believes the † *Stony girdle* of the world ;
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm, 705
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods ;
 Sweep the eternal snows ! Hung o'er the deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding base.
 And *Atlas*, propping heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subterranean wonders spread ! unveil 710
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
 Of *Abyssinia's* cloud-compellings cliffs,
 And of the bending † *Mountains of the Moon* !
 Vertopping all these giant sons of earth,
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line 715
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold !
 Amazing scene ! Behold ! the glooms disclose,
 I see the rivers in their infant beds !
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free ! 720
 I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd :
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
 The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then 725
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts ;
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.

Q 2

Beneath

† The *Muscovites* call the *Riphean Mountains* *Western Camenypoys*, that is, *the great stony Girdle* ; because
 they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

† A range of mountains in *Africa*, that surround
 almost all *Monomotapa*.

Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains, 730
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
 The chrystal treasures of the liquid world, 735
 Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
 And welling out, around the middle steep,
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air, 740
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
 These vapours in continual current draw,
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
 A social commerce hold, and firm support 745
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
 The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convulsion swift, 750
 The feather'd eddy floats; rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mould'ring bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd, 755
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back; for, thropping, now
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

Where the *Rhine* loses his majestic force 760
 In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,

730 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take 765
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.

735 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full, 770
 The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high
 Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

740 Or where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles
 Of farthest *Thule*, and th' *Atlantic* surge 775
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;

745 Who can recount what transmigrations there
 Are annual made? What nations come and go?
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air, 780
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

750 Here the plain harmless native his small flock,
 And herd diminutive of many hues,
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks 785
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene, 790
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view:

755 Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive sky,

Breathing

Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall by Nature's hand 795
 Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth
 Full ; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ;
 With many a cool translucent brimming flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *Parent-stream*,
 Whose pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed, 801
 With, sylvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)
 To where the north inflated tempest foams
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest peak :
 Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school 805
 Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage
 She took her western flight. A manly race,
 Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave :
 Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard, 810
 (As well unhappy *WALLACE* can attest,
 Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)
 To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne 815
 O'er every land, for every land their life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*. 820

Oh is there not some patriot, in whose power
 That best, that godlike *Luxury* is plac'd,
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
 Thro' late posterity ? some, large of soul,
 To cheer dejected industry ? to give 825

A double

A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the lab'ring hand the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with vent'rous oar, 830
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,
That heave our friths; and croud upon our shores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing 835
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;
And thus, in soul united as in name,

Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast, 841
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd, 845
Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of sulph'rous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow: 850
For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, FORBES, too, whom every worth attends, 855
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,

Thy

Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee. 86

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round
 Imbrown; a crouded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every hue, from wan declining green 86
 To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
 And give the season in its latest view.

Mean-time, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
 Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn 87
 The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun;
 And thro' their lucid veil his soften'd force
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
 For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate croud, 87
 And soar above this little scene of things;
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
 To sooth the throbbing passions into peace;
 And wooe lone Quiet in her silent walks. 88

Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And thro' the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint, 88
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades, 89

Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit 890
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock ;
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,

The gun the music of the coming year 895
 Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,
 Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,
 In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

The pale descending year, yet pleasing still,
 A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf 900
 Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;
 Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
 And slowly circles thro' the waving air.

But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs
 Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ; 905

Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,
 The forest-walks, at every rising gale,
 Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.
 Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;

And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race 910
 Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd

Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the POWER
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes ! 916

His near approach the sudden starting tear,
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 The soft'ned feature, and the beating heart,
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare. 920
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !

R

Inflames

Inflames imagination; thro' the breast
 Infuses every tenderness; and far
 Beyond him earth exalts the swelling thought.
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such 925
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
 Croud fast into the Mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
 To rapture, and divine astonishment; 930
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish,
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve; 935
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time;
 Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
 With all the social offspring of the heart. 940

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,
 Tremenduous sweep, or seem to sweep along; 945
 And voices more than human, thro' the void
 Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat
 Preside, which shining thro' the chearful land 950
 In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees;
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,

The fair majestic paradise of STOWE † !
 Not *Persian Cyrus* on *Ionia's* shore,
 E'er saw such sylvan scenes ; such various art 955
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd
 By cool judicious art ; that, in the strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O *PIT*, thy country's early boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd slopes, 960
 Or in that † *Temple* where, in future times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name ;
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then 966
 Wild tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land* ;
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades 970
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.
 Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand,
 Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,
 What every decent character requires, 975
 And every passion speaks : O thro' her strain
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne. 980
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*

R 2

Delighted

† The seat of the Lord Viscount *Cobham*.

† The Temple of Virtue in *Stowe-gardens*.

Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes :
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field, 985
 And long-embattled hosts ! When the proud foe
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war :
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves, 990
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise com-
 Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran skill. (mand,
 The western sun withdraws the shorten'd day ;
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd 995
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along
 The dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
 Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,
 Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east. 1000
 Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,
 Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,
 And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,
 A smaller earth, gives all his blaze again, 1005
 Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.
 Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,
 Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.
 Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild
 O'er the sky'd mountains to the shadowy vale, 1010
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

But when half blotted from the sky her light,
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn, 1015
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heav'n ;
Or quite extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;
Oft in this season, silent from the north,
A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first 1020
The lower skies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick, as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All ether coursing in a maze of light. 1025

From look to look, contagious thro' the croud,
The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes
Th' appearance throws : armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aerial spears and steeds of fire ;
Till the long lines of full-extended war 1030
In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood
Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they scan the visionary scene,
On all sides swells the superstitious din,
Incontinent ; and busy frenzy talks 1035
Of blood and battle ; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame ;
Of fallow famine, inundation, storm ;
Of pestilence, and every great distress ; 1040
Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck
Th' unalterable hour : even Nature's self
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.

Not so the man of philosophic eye,
And inspect sage ; the waving brightness he 1045
Curious

Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth. 105
 Order confounded lyes ; all beauty void ;
 Distinction lost ; and gay variety
 One universal blot : such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole. 105
 Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge ;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall. 106
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss ;
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze, 106
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph :
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times, 107
 Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteor sits ; and shews the narrow path,
 That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford. 107

The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,

Unfolding

unfolding fair the last autumnal day.

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog ;

The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam ; 1080

And hung on every spray, on every blade

Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,

Lies the still heaving hive ! at evening snatch'd,

Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night, 1085

And fix'd o'er sulphur : while, not dreaming ill,

The happy people, in their waxen cells,

Were tending public cares, and planning schemes

Of temperance, for Winter poor ; rejoic'd

To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.

Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends ; 1091

And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,

By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd domes,

Envolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.

And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring, 1095

Content from flower to flower ? for this you toil'd

Useless the burning Summer-heats away ?

For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,

For lost one sunny gleam ? for this sad fate ?

O Man ! tyrannic lord ! how long, how long, 1100

Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,

Waiting renovation ? when oblig'd,

Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial food

Can you not borrow, and, in just return,

Afford them shelter from the wintry winds ; 1105

Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own

Again regale them on some smiling day ?

Where the stony bottom of their town

Lies desolate and wild ; with here and there

A helpless

A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.

Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is seiz'd
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

Hence every harsher sight! for now the day
O'er heav'n and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate, brushes from the plain.
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.
While, loose to festive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth
By the quick sense of music taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toft,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving smile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the warbler twines.

Age too shines out ; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice ; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round. 1145

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men
 The happiest he ! who far from public rage,
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice* Few retir'd,
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE. 1149
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
 Vile intercourse ! What tho' the glittering robe,
 Of every hue reflected light can give.

Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold, 1155
 The pride and gaze of fools ! oppresses him not ?
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary life

Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps 1159
 With luxury and death ? What tho' his bowl
 Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
 Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?

What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ; 1165
 A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ?
 Their hollow moments undelighted all ?

Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope :
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich, 1170

In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
 When heaven's descends in showers ; or bends the bough
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;

Or in the wintry glebe whatever lyes
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap: 117
 These are not wanting, nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade, 118
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth, plain innocence;
 Unfollied beauty; sound unbroken youth, 119
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain, 118
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
 Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.
 Let some, far distant from their native soil, 119
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
 Find other lands beneath another sun.
 Let this thro' cities work his eager way,
 By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
 The social sense extinct; and that ferment 120
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
 An iron race! and those of fairer front, 120

But equal inhumanity, in courts,
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
 Wreath the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.
 While he, from all the stormy passions free 1210
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
 The rage of nations, and the crush of states, 1214
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
 Admiring, sees her in her every shape;
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart; 1220
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours
 He full enjoys, and not a beauty blows, 1225
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
 In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung; 1230
 Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
 When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
 And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends 1235
 With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
 Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.

Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.

The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste, 123
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
 Pour every lustre on the exalted eye.

A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure, 124
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

The touch of kindred too, and love he feels; 125
 The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
 Ecstatic shine; the little strong embrace
 Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay, 125
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;
 For happiness and true philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life, 126
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
 When angels dwelt, and GOD himself, with Man!

Oh NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!

Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works! 126
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; thro' the disolosing deep 126

Ligh

AUTUMN

141

Light my blind way : the mineral *Strata* there ;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals ; and higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift ; 1275
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye :
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
 But if to that unequal ; if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That *best* ambition ; under closing shades, 1280
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to my dreams. From THEE begin,
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song ;
 And let me never never stray from THEE ! 1284

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to the earl of WILMINGTON. First approach of Winter. According to the natural course of the season, various storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows. A Man perishing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the country people; in the city. Frost. A view of Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future state.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my
These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought, (theme
And

And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wandred thro' your rough domain; 10
Tro'd the pure virgin snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south, 15
Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of *this first essay*,
The Muse, O WILMINGTON? renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne, 20
Attempted thro' the Summer blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintry clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;
To swell her note with all the rushing winds; 25
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm, unshaken, uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35
A steady spirit regularly free;

These

These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the chearless empire of the sky
To *Capricorn*, the *Centaur-Archer* yields,
And fierce *Aquarius* stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Thro' the thick air; as cloth'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vap'ry turbulence of heaven
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom, oppressive o'er the world,
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease.
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,
Fresh from the plough, the dun discoloured flocks,
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root.
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,

And

And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70
Resounding long in list'ning Fancy's ear.

Then comes the father of the tempest forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure
Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul; 74
Dust on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent-clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still

Combine, and, deepening into night shut up 79
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; save those that love
To take their pastime in the troubled air,
Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.

The cattle from th' untasted fields return, 84
And ask, with meaning lowe, their wanted stalls,
Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.

Thither the household feathery people croud,
The crested cock, with all his female train,
Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks, 91
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reckless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
Then o'er the sanded valley floating spreads, 100

T Calm,

Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd,
Between two meeting hills it bursts a way,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through

Nature ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !
That sees astonish'd, and astonish'd sings ! 110
Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,
Where your aerial magazines reserv'd,
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ? 115
In what far-distant region of the sky,
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm ?

When from the palid sky the sun descends,
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet
Which master to obey : while rising slow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray ;
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats. 130
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky upturn'd,

The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135
The wasted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blast. But chief the plummy race,
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long 139
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,
And seek the closing shelter of the grove.
Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.
Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,
That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
Thro' the black night that sits immense around,
Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn : 160
Mean-time, the mountain-billows, to the clouds
In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,
Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,

Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165
 Of mighty waters : now th' inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintry *Baltick* thund'ring o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath 170
 Of full exerted heaven they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts ; if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

Nor less at hand the loosened tempest reigns. 175
 The mountain thunders, and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain ;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove, 185
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain ;
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep frighted flies ; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast. 190
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burden'd air,
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs
 That, utter'd by the Demon of the night,
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death. 194
 Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky.

165 All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200
Then straight air sea and earth are hush'd at once.

170 As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lyes lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious *Night*, 205

175 And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life?
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train? 210
Where are you now? and what is your amount?

180 Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

185 Father of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!
Teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!

190 The keener tempests come: and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north, 224
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lyes, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.

Thro'

Thro' the hush'd air the whitening show'r descends,
 At first thin-wavering ; till at last the flakes 230
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
 With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current. Low the woods 235
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone, 245
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :
 'Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs 255
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks, 260

Urg'd

Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
With looks of dumb despair ; then, sad dispers'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow. 264

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,
And watch them strict : for from the bellowing east,
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighb'ring hills,
The billowy tempest whelms ; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a shining mountain swells,
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air ;
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes, 280
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid

Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth (home
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !

What black despair, what horror fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,

Far

Far from the track, and blest abode of Man ;
 While round him night resistless closes fast,
 And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild,
 Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
 Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge 300
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and what is land unknown,
 What water, of the still unfrozen spring,
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils. 304
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots
 Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
 The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas ! 315
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;
 And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,
 Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
 They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,

And

W I N T E R.

153

And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ; 325
 Ah little think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very moment, death,
 And all the sad variety of pain.
 How many sink in the devouring flood,
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms ;
 Shut from the common air, and common use
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335
 Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid hut
 Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ; 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop, 345
 In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
 And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
 That one incessant struggle render life, 350
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,
 And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think ;
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,
 And her wide wish benevolence dilate ; 355
 The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;

U

And

And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous † band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail ? 361
Unpity'd, and unheard, where misery moans ;
Where sickness pines ; where thirst and hunger burn
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land 365
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd ;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth ;
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed ;
Ev'n rob'd them of the last of comforts, sleep ; 370
The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes ;
And crush'd out lives by secret barb'rous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375
O great design ! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy ! yet resume the search ;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains ; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.
The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385
And lengthen simple justice into trade)

How

† The Jail Committee, in the year 1729.

How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*, 390
And wavy *Appenine*, and *Pyrenees*,

Branch out stupenduous into distant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaut, and grim!
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395

And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400

Or shake the murd'ring savages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of Man avails him nought. 404

Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in soft'ned gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguish'd prey.
But if, appris'd of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410

The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frighted ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell; 415

Of, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of snow their gath'ring terrors roll.
From steep to steep, loud thund'ring down they come,

A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,
 Between the groaning forest and the shore,
 Peat by the boundless multitude of waves,
 A rural, shelter'd, solitary scene ;
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
 To cheer the gloom. There, studious, let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD ;
 Sages of antient time, as gods rever'd,
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-liv'd volume ; and, deep-musing, hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass
 Before my wond'ring eyes. First SOCRATES,
 Who firmly stood in a corrupted state,
 Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,
 Invincible ! calm Reason's holy law,
 That *Voice of GOD* within th' attentive mind,
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death :
 Great moral teacher ! *Wiseſt of Mankind !*
 SOLOON the next, who built his common-weal
 On equity's wide base ; by *tender laws*
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,

And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,
 The pride of smiling GREECE, and human-kind.
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455
 As at *Thermopyla* he glorious fell,
 The firm † DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front ;
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflatt'ring voice 460
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just* ;
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *Rival's* fame.
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 465
 CIMON sweet-soul'd ; whose genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the load of young debauch ; abroad
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend
 Of every worth and every splendid art ;
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 470
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late-call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boast,
 TIMOLEON, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled. 475
 And, equal to the best, the * THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour sunk,

And

† LEONIDAS. † THEMISTOCLES.

* PELOPIDAS and EPAMINONDAS.

And left a mass of sordid lees behind,
 PHOCION the *Good*; in public life severe,
 To virtue still inexorably firm;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind. 48
 And he, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' sons,
 The gen'rous victim to that vain attempt,
 To *save a rotten State*, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile avarice sunk.
 The two *Achaian* heroes close the train. 49
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the soul
 Of fondly lingering liberty in GREECE:
 And he her darling as her latest hope,
 The *gallant* PHILOPEMON; who to arms
 Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 49
 Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;
 Or, bold and skillful, thund'ring in the field.
 Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
 A race of heroes! in those virtuous times 49
 Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame
 Their *dearest* country they too fondly lov'd.
 Her *better Founder* first, the light of ROME,
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons.
 SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid base
 On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread. 50
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.
 The † PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes. 51

† MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

483 ABRICIUS, scorner of all-conquering gold ;
 and CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.
 Thy † WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 from all that pleading Nature could oppose,
 from a whole city's tears, by rigid faith 515
 imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
 SCIPIO, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,
 and, warm in youth, to the *Poetic Shade*
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd. 520
 490 FULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while
 restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing ROME.
 conquer'd CATO, virtuous in *Extreme*.
 and thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd, 525
 495 lifted the *Roman Steel* against thy *Friend*.
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse
 demand ; but who can count the stars of heav'n ?
 Who sing their influence on this lower world ?
 Behold, who yonder comes ! in sober state, 530
 fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun :
 'Tis *Phœbus*' self, or else the *Mantuan Swain* !
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,
 Parent of song ! and equal by his side, 534
 The BRITISH MUSE ; join'd hand in hand they walk,
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skillful touch
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE : 539
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.
 First of your kind ! Society divine !

Still

† REGULUS.

Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude, 545
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign
 To bless my humble roof with sense refin'd,
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend, 550
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,
 And with the social spirit warm the heart:
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
 Yet is his life the more endearing song. 554

Where art thou, HAMMOND? Thou the darling
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng! (pride,
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame
 Which stung thy fervent breast? That treasur'd store
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? That eager zeal
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band 564
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name?
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm
 Of sprightly wit? That rapture for the Muse,
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
 Which bade, with softest sighs, thy virtues smile?
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in some deep retirement would I pass
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,

Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd : 574
With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame
Was call'd, late rising from the void of night,
Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND ;
Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.
Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ; 580
And each diffusive harmony unite,
In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.
Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order ; fitted, and impell'd, 585
By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all
In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse
Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time :
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell, 589
In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile,
Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;
And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,
In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
That portion of divinity, that ray 595
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerless humble fortune, to repress
These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;
Then, even superior to ambition, we 600
Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream
Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes 605
X Of

Of happiness, and wonder ; where the mind,
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes
 Of frolic fancy ; and incessant form
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprize ;
 Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
 Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve.

Mean-time the village rouses up the fire ;
 While well-attested, and as well believ'd,
 Hear'd solemn, goes the goblin-story round ;
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round ;
 The simple joke, that takes the shepherd's heart,
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud laugh, sincere ;
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep :
 The leap, the slap, the haul ; and, shook to notes
 Of native music, the respondent dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
 To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
 The gaming fury falls ; and in one gulph
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.

Up springs the dance along the lighted dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
 The glittering court effuses every pomp ; 640
 The circle deepens : beam'd from gaudy robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves :
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine, 644
 The fop, light-flutt'ring, spreads his mealy wings.
 Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks ;
 OTHELLO rages ; poor MONIMIA mourns ;
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear
 Steals o'er the cheek : or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the world a picture of itself, 651
 And raises sly the fair impartial laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes
 Of beauteous life ; whate'er can deck mankind,
 Or charm the heart, in generous † BEVIL shew'd.
 O Thou, whose wisdom, solid, yet refin'd, 656
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,
 And all *Apollo's* animating fire, 660
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy
 Of polish'd life ; permit the *Rural Muse*,
 O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song !
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,

X 2

(For

† A character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS,
 written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

(For every Muse has in thy train a place)
 To mark thy various full accomplish'd mind :
 To mark that spirit, which, with *British Scorn*,
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power ; 67
 That elegant politeness, which excels,
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous *France*,
 The boasted manners of her shining court ;
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,
 The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point, 67
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,
 When to the listening senate, ardent, croud 68
 BRITANNIA's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
 Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears :
 Thou to assenting reason giv'st again 68
 Her own enlighten'd thoughts ; call'd from the heart
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ;
 And even reluctant party feels a while
 Thy gracious power : as thro' the varied maze
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 69
 To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse :
 For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
 Frosty, succeed ; and thro' the blue serene,
 For sight too fine, th' etherial nitre flies ;
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air 69
 Storing afresh with elemental life.
 Close crouds the shining atmosphere ; and binds
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,

Constringent

Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves, 700
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain ;
 Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating force
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye 705
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
 Draws in abundant vegetable soul,
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.
 A stronger glow sits on the lively cheek
 Of ruddy fire : and luculent along 710
 The purer rivers flow ; their sullen deeps,
 Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,
 And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost. (stores
 What art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen
 Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power, 715
 Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?
 Is not thy potent energy, unseen,
 Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
 Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense
 Thro' water, earth, and ether ? Hence at eve, 720
 Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
 With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
 An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool
 Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
 Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice, 725
 Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,
 Rustles no more ; but to the sedge bank
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven
 Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore, 730
 The

The whole imprison'd river growls below,
 Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
 A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,
 The village-dog deters the nightly thief ;
 The hieſer lows ; the diſtant water-fall 73
 Swells in the breeze ; and, with the haſty tread
 Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain
 Shakes from afar. The full etherial round
 Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
 Shines out intenfely keen ; and, all one cope 74
 Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
 Thro' the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
 And ſeizes Nature faſt. It freezes on ;
 Till morn, late-riſing o'er the drooping world, 74
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various labour of the ſilent night :
 Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb cascade,
 Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
 The pendant icicle ; the froſt-work fair, 75
 Where tranſient hues, and fancy'd figures riſe ;
 Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
 A livid traſt, cold-gleaming on the morn ;
 The foreſt bent beneath the plummy wave ;
 And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow, 75
 Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
 Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
 His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
 Pleas'd with the ſlipp'ry ſurface, ſwift deſcends.
 On blithſome frolics bent, the youthful ſwains,
 While every work of Man is laid at reſt, 76
 Fond o'er the river croud, in various ſport
 And

And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy
Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine* 765
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province swarming, void of care,
Polandia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770
The *then* gay land is maddened all to joy.
Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel 774
The long-resounding course. Mean time, to raise
The manly strife, with highly blooming charms,
Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames,
Or *Russia's* buxom daughters glow around.
Pure, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day ;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780
Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon :
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff :
His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray ; 785
Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun
And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790
Worse than the season, desolate the fields ;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.
But what is this ? Our infant Winter sinks,
Divested

Divested of his grandeur, should our eye
 Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone* ;
 Where, for relentless months, continual night
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

There, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,
 Wide roams the *Russian* exile. Nought around
 Strikes his sad eye, but desarts lost in snow ;
 And heavy-loaded groves ; and solid floods,
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main ;
 And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd,
 Save when its annual course the caravan
 Bends to the golden coast of rich * *Cathay*,
 With news of human kind. Yet there life glows ;
 Yet cherished there, beneath the shining waste, 810
 The furry nations harbour : tipt with jet,
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press ;
 Sables of glossy black ; and dark-embrowned,
 Or beauteous freckt with many a mingled hue,
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts. 815
 There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer
 Sleep on the new fallen snows ; and scarce his head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
 Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyfs.
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils, 820
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,

* The old name for *China*.

He lays them quiv'ring on th' ensanguin'd snows, 825
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase, 830
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

Wide o'er the spacious regions of the north,
 That see *Bootes* urge his tardy wain, 835
 A boisterous race, by frosty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
 Who little pleasure know, and fear no pain,
 Prolific swarm: They once resum'd the flame
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk, 839
 Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,
 And gave the vanquish'd world another form.
 Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they
 Despise th' insensate barbarous trade of war;
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives, 845
 They love their mountains, and enjoy their storms.
 No false desires, no pride-created wants,
 Disturb the peaceful current of their time;
 And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze
 Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 850
 Their rain-deer form their riches. These their tents,
 Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
 Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.
 Obedient at their call, the docile tribe
 Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift

Y

O'er

* The north-west wind. † The wand'ring *Scythian* Clans.

O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse
 Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep
 With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake
 A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play
 With doubled lustre from the radiant waste,
 Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find
 A wondrous day; enough to light the chase,
 Or guide their daring steps to *Finland-fairs*.
 With'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south,
 While dim *Aurora* slowly moves before,
 The welcome sun, just verging up at first,
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve;
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,
 Still round and round his spiral course he winds;
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.
 In that glad season, from the rocks and floods,
 Where pure † *Niemi's* fairy mountains rise,
 And fring'd with roses * *Tengliö* rolls his stream,
 They

† *M. de Maupertuis*, in his book on the *Figure of the Earth*, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of *Niemi* in *Lapland*, says,---' From this height we had occasion several times to see those vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seemed rather a place of resort for *Fairies* and *Genii* than bears.'

* The same author observes,---' I was surpris'd

They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
 They chearful-loaded to their tents repair;
 Where, ail day-long in useful cares employ'd,
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :!
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown
 The seeds of vice : whose spotless swains ne'er knew
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath 885
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woo.

Still pressing on, beyond *Tornea's* lake,
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waste of snow,
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the pole itself,
 Where sailing gradual life at length goes out, 890
 The Muse expands her solitary flight ;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupenduous scene,
 Beholds new seas beneath † another sky.

Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court ; 895
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard :
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath ;
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost ;
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows, 900
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

Thence winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main ;
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,

Y 2

Snows

* to see, upon the banks of this river, (the *Tenglio*)
 * roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gar-
 * dens.

† The other hemisphere.

Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky ;
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding fury ; but, in all its rage
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks ; cheerless, and void
 Of every life, that from the dreary months
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
 Take their last look of the descending sun ;
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
 Falls horrible. Such was the † BRITON's fate,
 As with *first* prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd
 He for the passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,
 And to the stony deep his idle ship
 Immediate seal'd, lie with his hapless crew,
 Each full exerted at his several task,
 Froze into statues ; to the cordage glued

† Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN
 ELIZABETH to discover the north-east passage.

90 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm. 935
 Hard by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men;
 And, half enliven'd by the distant sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,
 91 Here human Nature wears its rudest form. 940
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,
 91 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life, 945
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.
 Till morn, at length, her roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.
 920 What cannot active government perform, 950
 New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these
 A people savage from remotest time, (shores
 A huge neglected empire, ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAV'N inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.
 920 Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! He 955
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the *Man*.
 930 Ye shades of antient heroes, ye who toil'd 960
 Thro' long successive ages to build up
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once
 The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
 A mighty shadow of unreal power; 965
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
 And roaming every land, in every port

His

His scepter laid aside, with glorious hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charg'd with the stores of *Europe*, home he goes!
Then cities rise, amid th' illumin'd waste;
O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
Far distant flood to flood is social join'd;
Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;
Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
With daring keel before: proud armies stretch
Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
The frantic *Alexander* of the north,

And awing there stern *Othman's* shrinking sons.
Sloth flies the land, and *Ignorance* and *Vice*,
Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent still, his great *Example* shew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains shine: loose fleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,
That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north;
But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave---
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs

Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.
 Ill fares the bark, with trembling wretches charg'd,
 That, toss'd amid the floating fragments, moors 1005
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle;
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks
 More terrible. Can human force endure
 Th' assembled mischief that besiege them round?
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness, 1010
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,
 And in dire-echoes bellowing round the main.
 More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
 And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport, 1015
 Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom,
 Far from the bleak inhospitable shore,
 Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever-waking eye, 1020
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro' all his dreary labyrinth of fate.
 'Tis done!—dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year. 1025
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd life, pass some few years,
 Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age, 1031
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes
 Of happiness? those longings after fame? 1035

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?
 Those gay-spent festive nights? those veering thoughts
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man; 1040
 His guide to happiness on high.—And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth
 Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
 The *new creating word*, and starts to life,
 In every heightened form, from pain and death 1045
 For ever free. *The great eternal scheme*
 Involving all, and, in a *perfect whole*
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To reason's eye refin'd, clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now, 1050
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd neglected: why the good Man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul: 1055
 Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
 In starving solitude; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks 1060
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distressed!
 Ye noble few! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while, 1065
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd Evil is no more:
 The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all.

A

H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER
these,

Are but the *varied* GOD. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softning air is balm; 5
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year: 10
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales,
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives. 15
In Winter awful THOU! with clouds and storms
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the world adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast. 20
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25

Z

And

And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man-marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres ; 30
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature, hurls the tempest forth ;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

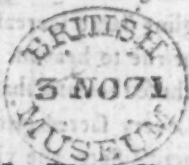
Nature, attend ! join every living soul,
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes
 Oh ! talk of HIM in solitary glooms,
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ; 50
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound HIS stupenduous praise ; whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55
 Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints
 Ye

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM ;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lyes, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65
Great source of day ! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write with every beam HIS praise.
The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ; 70
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
Ye vallies, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;
And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75
Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
Burst from the groves : and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise. 80
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base ;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardor rise to heaven.
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove ; 90
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgins lay,

The

The prompting-*seraph*, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
 Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east ;
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more ;
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles ; 'tis nought to me :
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full ;
 And where HE vital spreads there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons ;
 From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still
 In infinite progression. — But I lose
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
 Come, then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.



T H E E N D.

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praise.

Handwritten notes and sketches on a textured, aged paper background. The sketches include a large, stylized letter 'E' at the top left, a large, loopy cursive 'O' in the middle left, and a large, stylized 'U' or 'V' shape at the bottom center. There are also various smaller, less distinct markings and lines scattered across the page.

2

Spencer
1772